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FOR TODAY.

From the Knickerbocker.

A Sister's Thoughts  
OVER A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPT.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse  
His radiant eyes had shrouded o'er,  
And Slander's poison, from the lips  
Of woman, on his heart no more  
Distils and burns it to its core.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit  
That beamed forth from his living brow,  
Prompt, at the shrine of real merit,  
With reverence and with truth to bow,  
Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

He sleeps in peace! And while he sleeps,  
He dreams not of earth's loves or strife,  
Tears a sister for him weeps;  
He knows not that they are not his wife's:  
His thoughts are all another life's.

I hope he knows not that the hand,  
Once given to him, is now another's:  
I know the flame that once it flamed,  
Had all gone out. I know, my brother's  
Last thoughts were of my love and mother's.

I hope he knows not that his child  
Hears not, nor knows, its father's name:  
Keep its young spirit undefiled,  
And worthy of its father's fame,  
O Thou from whom its spirit came!

Thou Father of the fatherless,  
The mantle that my brother wore—  
The robe of truth and faithfulness—  
Keep, for his infant, in thy store:  
My brother hath left nothing more!

That mantle! Men had seen him throw  
It amply round him, ere it fell:  
Peace, brother, 'tis as white as snow;  
No one of all on earth that dwell,  
Can stain what once became thee well.

In peace thou sleepest: through the bars  
Of thy dim cell thy spirit fled;  
And now thy sister and the stars  
Their tears of dew and pity shed,  
Heart-broken brother, on thy bed!

MRS. J. M. LAFAYETTE.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

The Battle of Trenton.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE WITNESS.

"Where bullet on the night air sang?"

BRIDE OF ARYDOS.

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an Aid-de-camp from the Commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and dashed up the road. The General-in-chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected, as if in his cabinet. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

"You are a native of this country?"

"Yes—your excellency."

"You know the roads from McConkey ferry to Trenton—by the river and Pennington—the by-roads and all."

"As well as I know my alphabet," said I, patting the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have an occasion for you—you will remain with the staff—ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer," he added, smiling, as the fiery beast made a demi-volt, that set the group in commotion.

"Your excellency!"

"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger, cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the columns are in motion—you will remember," and waving his hand, he gave the rein to his steed, while I fell back bewildered into the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march any thing but pleasant.—We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with the anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the embarkation began.

At last we crossed the Delaware. The whole night had been consumed in the transportation of the men and artillery, and the morning was within an hour or two of dawning before the detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity on the scene. The night was dark,

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wild, and threatening—the clouds betokened an approaching tempest—and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye, the fast increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brows to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and they scarcely perceptible in the shadowy twilight.—The bare trees lifted their hoary arms on high, groaning and screaming in the gale. The river was covered with drifting ice, that now jammed with a crash together, and then floated slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can better be imagined than described—for the utmost exertions could often just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray sledge would be heard shooting shrilly over the waters, mingling feebly with the fiercer piping of the winds—and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neighing of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far-off thunder. The cannoneers beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant the band of the — regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plumping my rowels into my steed, I whirled around, into the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now four o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over.—A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided it. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington; let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible.—But do not pause when you reach your outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come up with the enemy was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and hail rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks; the wind shrieked, howled, and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicular downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity; and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying around and around, and sweeping away on the whistling tempest far into the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of musket were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the tortured forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued the march in profound silence, the storm increasing as we drew nearer to the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope high for a successful surprise. Nor were these sufferings slight. Through the dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of a freeman could have sustained them. Half clothed—many without shoes, whose companies destitute of blankets, were pressed bravely on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am now, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again!

The dawn at last came, but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The few fields we passed were covered with wet, spongy snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness few such forbidding scenes. At this instant a shot was heard in front and a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

"Forward—forward," cried Washington himself, galloping up to the head of the column, "push on, my brave fellows—ON!"

The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack as their General's voice was seconded by a fiery fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly, with silent eagerness, toward the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the wood the scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemingly buried in repose. The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen fleeing a moment through the mist—he was soon lost behind a clump of trees—and then reappeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt he was a messenger from the outposts for a re-inforcement, and if suffered to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he had left we now therefore turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly and in disorder, before our vanguard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their receding faculties, and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals of the —" shouted the officer in command. The men with admirable discipline still forbore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of a half mile across the village, "there goes Sullivans brigade—the day's own."

"Charge the artillery with a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to our right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the very mouths of the cannon, and before the artillerists could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy was seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter, was fiercely maintained. A few minutes of indecision would ruin all:

"Press on—press on there," shouted our Commander-in-chief, galloping to the front, and waving his sword aloft, "charge them before they can form—follow me."

The effect was electric. Gallant as had been their conduct before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their Commander's daring, and dashing rapidly into the town, carried every thing before them like a hurricane. The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in two minutes were flying pell-mell through the town—while our troops, with admirable discipline, still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, and that further retreat was impossible, the whole regiment we had routed laid down their arms.—The instant victory was ours, and the foe had surrendered, every unmanly exultation disappeared from the countenances of our brave troops.—The fortune of war had turned against their foes; it was not the part of the brave man to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an Aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly, "A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."

Quick as thought the Commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking around the group of officers singled me out. "Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads.—Colonel — will march his regiment around,

and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest rout."

I bowed in acknowledgement to the saddle bow, and perceiving the Col. was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into an neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retreating foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross-path which making, as it were, the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off completely the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point where two roads intersected was short but fierce.

We had already advanced half way before we were discovered, and though the enemy pressed with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows, were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer to the intersection we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe—and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the other road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters at the aid-de-camp of Col. — to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia—and we were hailed every where as the saviors of our country. The dooping spirits of the colonists were re-animated by the news; and the enemy paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder toward Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed away since then; but I never shall forget the BATTLE OF TRENTON.

## A New Song to an Old Tune.

"Knight's candle are burnt out."—SHAKESPEARE.

In the days when I went swindling,  
A short time ago,  
The landlords launched me out their best,  
And I was "all the go;"  
I danced, and sung the jocund song,  
And quaffed with relish keen;  
And nought but mirth and jollity  
Around me could be seen.  
So thus I passed the pleasant time,  
Nor thought of care or woe,  
In the days when I went swindling,  
A short time ago.

My heart was light, and head was bright,  
And briskly flew the cash,  
While other people's pockets served  
To help me out a dash;  
When I appeared, the damsels leered,  
And lovers damned the hour,  
Old ladies sighed, young maidens cried,  
And stern papas looked sour;  
And thus I passed the pleasant time,  
Nor thought of care or woe,  
In the days when I went swindling,  
A short time ago.

But now, Columbina, to thy shores  
I bid a long farewell,  
And leave more unpaid bills behind  
Than I incline to tell;  
But I'll unite, when over sea,  
With other Diddlers there,  
To sing the land where foreign swells  
Are patronised "with care;"  
And thus I'll pass the pleasant time,  
Nor think of Richard Roe,  
As I did when I went swindling,  
A short time ago.

A Frontier Heroine.

In the first settlement of the State of Indiana, it so happened, "two families," one from the State of New Jersey, and the other from the State of Virginia, set themselves down together on one of those tributary streams, which, after flowing through the richest soil in the world, perhaps, empty themselves into the great and beautiful river of Ohio. Either the heads of those families had retired, in hopes that by persevering industry, and patient endurance of hardship, to lay the foundation of the future prosperity and happiness of their rising generation. The families were both large; but my story relates only to the two oldest of the children, whom I will call William and Mary. They, the second year after their parents had settled in the same neighborhood, became attached to each other, were married, and retired a few miles further up the same stream, to open a clearing for themselves. They had chosen a rich and beautiful valley, and in the course of a few years, William had forty or fifty acres under good improvement—good log houses, stabling, fences, &c. They were both prudent and industrious, and what with the sale of their corn, poultry, maple sugar, &c. to the traveller and new settlers, they had accumulated a considerable sum of money, which was carefully hoarded up, to pay for their land as soon as it should be surveyed and offered for sale. They had now three beautiful little children; and as Mary had received a tolerable education in her native State, she was beginning to be daily engaged in imparting instruction to her rising offspring. Already had they a few flowers, garden-plants, and fruit-trees around their little dwelling, together with the sweet briar, woodbine and rose—indeed every thing around them seemed to bespeak a degree of industry and comfort not generally enjoyed by the first settlers of the forest. In this situation matters stood when the whole frontier, and indeed the whole State, was thrown into commotion and alarm. Many depredations and massacres were committed by the Indians, and some deeds of dreadful note were done, which could be satisfactorily accounted for. To check these marauders, lines of block houses had been erected in various parts of the State, in which were posted detached parties of soldiers and militia, who acted as picket-guards to the frontier inhabitants—they also served as a line of communication from post to post, and as a place of refuge for the weak and defenceless, from the approach of the enemy. One of these lines of block-houses extended through the settlement in which William lived, and most of the inhabitants had taken shelter within their walls; he, however, from some cause or other had neglected to do so, as well as one or two of his nearest neighbors.

One morning, William had taken his rifle and gone some miles on business, promising to return home as early in the evening as possible. He had not been gone more than an hour, when Mary, who was a few rods from the house with her children, was alarmed by the sudden and horrid yell of the savage—two of them at the same time appearing in the skirts of a wood a few hundred yards distant. She instantly caught up the two children that were nearest her and fled to the house—having placed them within the door, she was returning for the other, when she saw with agony that one of the Indians had already seized upon her helpless child, while the other was making towards the house with lengthened strides, terrific yells, and uplifted tomahawk. What was to be done; there was no alternative; and she retreated precipitately within, and scarce had a moment left to secure the door on the inside with a wooden bar, when the Indian was at it endeavoring to force it open; but finding it much better secured than he anticipated, he began to utter the most horrid execrations, and called his companion to his assistance—they both seemed to speak the English language perfectly, which not a little surprised Mary. They made various efforts to force open the door, all the while uttering the most dreadful threats; that if she did not immediately open it and let them in, they would murder her child, and then burn down the house over her head. Alas, poor Mary! she knew but too well that death was their portion, and perished in keeping the door barred. They at length became desparate, finding themselves thus foiled, and actually dashed out the child's brains against a tree that stood before the house. While the mother was looking through a small opening between the logs of the building, and beheld the barbarous deed. A darkness came over her eyes—her heart ceased to beat for a moment, and she sank upon her knees, for she could support herself no longer, and had almost fainted. She however had soon rallied her faculties, offered up a fervent ejaculation to that Omnipotent Being who is all-powerful to save, and arose. Her first thought was to conceal the children, open the door, and give herself up a sacrifice to their vengeance, in hopes that her offspring might possibly be saved; this idea, however vain it might appear, was prevented from being put into execution, by one of the Indians at the same moment exclaiming, that he would come down the chimney. The Indian who had murdered the child had already ascended at the corner of the house, by means of the projecting end of the logs, and commenced descending the chimney. In this extremity Mary had given up all for lost—she was stooping to embrace her children as she believed, for the last time, when she thought of her straw bed. She immediately flew to it, with the strength of an Amazon, tore open the ticking and threw its contents into the fire—a full column of blaze and smoke ascended the chimney; the murderous wretch was about midway between the top and the bottom, and could neither ascend nor descend to extricate himself, before he had drawn into his lungs that fiery draught which instantly suffocated him to death. He fell into the fire, and rolled upon the hearth, a black and lifeless corpse. It seemed now as if the whole energy of Mary's mind had burst upon her—she caught up the tomahawk which he still held in his "death grasp," and went deliberately and opened the door. The Indian on the outside, thinking it was his comrade, entered entirely off his guard, when the tomahawk of his accomplice was buried in the back of his head and he fell dead on the floor. Mary instantly took the two remaining children in her arms, fled to the nearest neighbor, and gave the alarm.

The woman of the house seemed much agitated, and said her husband had gone out about an hour before. She then proceeded to another setler's, about a mile farther, and told what she had done. Three or four men, who happened to be there at the time, caught up their rifles and proceeded immediately to William's residence, when on examination it was found—but too horrible to relate—they found that these worse than savage monsters were not Indians, but white men and that one of them was William's nearest neighbor, the owner of the house to which Mary had first fled for protection. It would seem, that knowing William was possessed of a few hundred dollars, he in company with another wretch, who had been there but a few weeks in the settlement, formed the horrid design of murdering the whole family in the disguise of Indians, and possessing themselves of the money; but a merciful God prevented them from entirely accomplishing their object.

## POLITICAL.

## CHARACTER OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

BY W. F. HAMILTON.

**ANECDOTE.**—Napoleon used to call Moreau "the retreating general," and some of the troops in Napoleon's army seemed to imbibe similar notions with regard to their general's rival. In this case, when a soldier became transferred from the army of Napoleon to that of Moreau, very much against his will, he appeared in the ranks, and contended behind him, declaring that he had always been trained to show his front to the enemy.

**A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.**—The following beautiful speech was pronounced before a Court in Passadumkeag:

"Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of Justice like an American Eagle perched upon the Asiatic Rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal streams of Justice, like the cedars of the valley, flow meandering at your extended feet."

A Baltimore paper describes Fanny Elssler as "a lovely creature, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and pouting lips":

We own that we're of those who prize  
Your rosy cheeks, and sky-blue eyes;  
For pouting lips, we so disdain 'em  
We'd set our faces right again 'em.

"Man cannot live by bread alone," as the baker said when he put up a bar in one corner of his shop.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

## LATER FORM ENGLAND.

The ship Garrick has arrived at New York, bringing London and Liverpool papers to the 15th ult. We avail ourselves of a synopsis of news from the Mercantile Journal.

By this arrival some important political intelligence has been received. The prospect of a war between England and France does not appear to have been removed—and speculations on this event are freely made in the French papers. The Queen delivered in person the speech proroguing of Parliament, in which not a word was said respecting the difficulties with France.

The Cotton market was improving, but prices were not higher to a material extent. Trade was represented as improving in the manufacturing districts, particularly Manchester.

The state of the crops was favorable. It was thought probable that the yield of wheat in various parts of the country would exceed an average crop. Flour was selling at 27 a 29s. on board. Wheat from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 8d. Cotton has advanced from 12d. to 14.

The accounts from France respecting the crops are also highly favorable.

The Britannia steam packet arrived at Liverpool on the 14th August, having left Boston on the 1st and Halifax on the 4th, and effecting her passage across the Atlantic in the unprecedented short space of nine days and a half.

The British Queen arrived at Cowes on the 15th of August.

The Royal Assent of the Canada Union Bill was published in the Ministerial papers on the 15th.

Disturbances were apprehended in Ireland. Threatening notices were posted up in various parts of the country, and no less than six murders were committed in one district, Tipperary in as many weeks. A number of houses has also been attacked and other outrages committed.

The London Post says that Lord Falkland has been appointed Governor of the Ionian Islands, vice Sir Howard Douglas.

Letters from Syria, dated the 31st of July, state that the whole of the Turkish-Egyptian fleet was at that date in Alexandria, and the French squadron was all at Oulac, with the exception of the Montebello.

The English papers contain the accounts of a heavy gale of wind experienced at the Mauritius. The barometer fell to 93 during the gale; 19 vessels were either driven on shore or severely injured, and a number of coasting vessels sunk and grounded. The hurricane lasted part of two days.

The French government are supposed to possess, in the last despatches from Egypt, information as to an accidental collision, or some such incipient act of war, between the fleets that ride in those troubled seas.

The French papers talk of a blockade on the part of the British squadron, of Alexandria, and threatened the interposition by force of arms of France, should such a course be persisted in.

Prince Louis has been conveyed to Paris, and imprisoned in the same room in the Conciergerie, which was occupied by Fieschi five years ago.

The Moniteur of Paris contains the ordinance convoking the House of Peers, and charging them with the trial of Louis Bonaparte and his accomplices.

The Moniteur also still continues to announce

in its columns the official decrees for the arming of the country.

The French are busy fitting out ships of the line, at Toulon—orders having been received to complete, without delay, the armaments of the Souverain, Ville de Marseille, and Scipo, three-deckers; as well as of the Independent, Melpomene, Uranie, Iphigenie and Circe, frigates.

It is said that in the event of a war, the conquests in Algiers, with the exception of the maritime ports, will be abandoned; and that out of the present French army of 350,000 men, (exclusive of 1,000,000 of Guards National, and of 150,000 now ordered to be levied) from 40,000 to 50,000 will be assembled, it was exerted, towards the Alps, opposite Piedmont and other vulnerable points of the Austrian territory. From 60,000 to 70,000 men will be marshalled towards the Rhine frontier, no less valuable in point of opinion.

## POLITICAL.

## CHARACTER OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

BY W. F. HAMILTON.

Among the opponents of Mr. Van Buren and Democracy, there is now none bitter than Tallmadge, the recreant Senator of New York. How much reason he has to doubt either the integrity or the ability of Mr. Van Buren, will be seen from the following extract from a speech delivered by him on the 3d of February, 1832. It furnishes a full refutation of the federal calumnies often urged against the President, that he opposed the last war, and the extension of the right of suffrage:

"Who, let me ask, is this distinguished individual, whom these political aspirants have thus attempted to disgrace and destroy? He is well known to us all. The people of this State, are familiar with his name, and with his services he has rendered to his country. His reputation is dear to them, and they will be the last to suffer it to be tarnished by foul aspersions, however high or however low their origin. He is literally one of the people. He is not of that class which in the early stages of our Government, were denominated "the rich and well born"—an odious distinction which has been attempted to be preserved to the present day, and often been claimed with an air of triumph, on the part of those who have looked with a jealous eye on the success of favored individuals, whom the people have delighted to honor. No, sir, he is of humble origin. He is the artificer of his own fortunes: and often in the course of his political career, has been reproached with the humility of his birth. The pride and wealth of family distinction, has sneered at his advancement, and attempted to frown into retirement the man whose native energies rose superior to its own exertions, but the attempt has been in vain. It was contrary to the spirit of our free institutions."

After showing that the pamphlet cannot both give the speech actually delivered, the Globe says: "No such speech as is now circulating in pamphlet as Mr. Ogle's, was ever delivered by him."

He made a speech without doubt; and thinking with his Whig friends, that a first rate Whig humbug could be made out of the subject, he fell to work, and, with the aid of others, taking from and adding to the speech delivered, as seemed best calculated for effect, without the slightest regard for truth, trumped up the speeches now published as his."

And it seems that like General Harrison's opinion on Abolition, and in fact on most other subjects, they trumped up two, differed from each other—"one for the North, and another for the South."

The Globe proceeds:—"We shall show that a thing more reckless of truth was never concocted in this country or any other. In this process we shall use the shortest speech, presumed to be the one sent out by the Whig Committee at Washington."

The Globe then dissects a few pages, dislocates, exposes and disproves thirteen distinct, downright falsehoods, and then observes:—"Enough! we have given only a few select falsehoods found found in this concoction, where there are enough to fill a large corner in the storehouse of that article, kept by the farther of lies."

Such is the stuff with which the British Whig editors crowd their columns. They dare not sell the political principles of their own party, or combat those of their opponents, and seek to blind their readers by a continued repetition of calumny and lies.

list, and his splendid effort in favor of the surviving officers and soldiers of the revolution will not be forgotten as long as the Almighty spares the honored remnant of that heroic race, and whilst their descendants cherish the principles of their immortal sires."

From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

## Ogle's Omnibus of Lies.

This is the very appropriate name given to a jumble of falsehoods and farrago of nonsense, which for several weeks past has been published in almost every Whig paper we have seen, where it appears under the very modest title of "Speech of Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania."

So far as we had examined it, it had convinced us of two things: first, that a vile collection of downright falsehoods was never before published; second, that no such speech was ever delivered in the Halls of Congress. An article in the Globe of the 7th inst. convinces us we were right in both of these suppositions.

The Globe has the speech published in pamphlet, in two different forms—on entitled "Speech of Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania, on the splendor of the President's palace, delivered in the House of Representatives, April, 1840"; and the other entitled "Remarks of Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania, on the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill, delivered in the House of Representatives, April 14, 1840."

The Globe remarks:—"The 'Speech' and the 'Remarks' begin the same way, but cod very differently. The 'Remarks' have, at the close, about three pages of matter not found in the 'Speech' in any form, and what disrepancies there may be in the body of the two, we have not time to examine."

After showing that the pamphlet cannot both give the speech actually delivered, the Globe says: "No such speech as is now circulating in pamphlet as Mr. Ogle's, was ever delivered by him."

He made a speech without doubt; and thinking with his Whig friends, that a first rate Whig humbug could be made out of the subject, he fell to work, and, with the aid of others, taking from and adding to the speech delivered, as seemed best calculated for effect, without the slightest regard for truth, trumped up the speeches now published as his."

And it seems that like General Harrison's opinion on Abolition, and in fact on most other subjects, they trumped up two, differed from each other—"one for the North, and another for the South."

The Globe proceeds:—"We shall show that a thing more reckless of truth was never concocted in this country or any other. In this process we shall use the shortest speech, presumed to be the one sent out by the Whig Committee at Washington."

The Globe then dissects a few pages, dislocates, exposes and disproves thirteen distinct, downright falsehoods, and then observes:—"Enough! we have given only a few select falsehoods found found in this concoction, where there are enough to fill a large corner in the storehouse of that article, kept by the farther of lies."

Such is the stuff with which the British Whig editors crowd their columns. They dare not sell the political principles of their own party, or combat those of their opponents, and seek to blind their readers by a continued repetition of calumny and lies.

From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

## A new species of Federal Forgery.

A correspondent of the Bay State Democrat relates that a tin pedlar lately passed through the village of his residence hawking what purported to be a likeness of General Harrison; which was an exact copy, in every point, of Stuart's Washington, except that Harrison's head was placed on Washington's shoulders. The print was lithographed, and entitled "AN EXACT LIKENESS OF Wm. H. HARRISON, OF NORTH BEND."

The same correspondent relates that some wits of Whigerry has copied the saying of the ancient Athenian law-giver, Solon—that

"The most perfect popular government is one

where an injury done to any private citizen is

considered an insult to the whole community," and

gave it to the public as an original remark of Gen. Harrison.

If falsehood, forgery and theft can make a great man of Old Tip the Whigs are determined that he shall be one. They have given him the body of Washington, surmounted by a head containing all the wisdom of the seven wise men of Greece.

It is an indisputable fact that during the seven years which have expired since the removal of the Deposits from the United States Bank, the average prices of all the staple articles of produce which a Farmer rises to sell, have been more than thirty per cent. higher; and at the same time the average prices of all the necessities of life which he has to buy, have been more than thirty per cent. lower, than the same were during the last preceding seven years, when the Bank was in the full tide of successful experiment, collecting the Revenues of the Government for the use of the money.—Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

## The Brutal Conduct of Hard Cider Whig.

gery,

## A Preacher of the Gospel Insulted and Threatened with Personal Injury.

So desperate have the black cockage hard cider rowdies become, that no character is too pure, or place too holy, to escape the brutal conduct of the times. Will ministers of the Prince of Peace, and their followers, who have given countenance to the drunken outbreaks, where hard cider and parched corn have been given in imitation of the sacrament, and vulgar songs sung as hymns and psalms in a church, to open and close political meetings, not look well before they leap into abyss of riot and wickedness from which they cannot escape. Can any one read the following and not shudder for his country.—The wise and good, every where, anticipated, when they saw that hard cider was to be the badge of a political party instead of principles, that it required *brute force* instead of *reason*, to carry out the iniquitous scheme of subjugating our liberties:

From the Lowell (Mass.) Democ.

"We call the attention of all the peace-loving christian members of the whig party, to the treatment of the Rev. Mr. Brown, a Baptist clergyman, who has received at the hands of the whigs for daring to act honestly. It will be recollect that he made known the contents of Mr. Calhoun's secret letter, vouching for Gen. Harrison's abolition at a recent abolition convention in Boston. The North Hampton Republican says HE HAS BEEN HISSED IN THE PULPIT, and that at a prayer meeting he was approached by a young man who took offence at the prayer, and threatened with a cow-hiding! This fellow was brought up, of course before a magistrate, when a little whig lawyer by the name of Huntington, told the court, that the Rev. Mr. Brown OUGHT TO HAVE HIS NOSE PULLED, AND BE KICKED FROM HIS PULPIT. Such is the treatment of a minister of the Gospel by "all the decency" party, who dares to do an honest act, and expose the tricks and subterfuges of the Whigs."

From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

## AMERICANS! reflect upon this.

Not only from the following, but from many other sources, do we get facts corroborative of the truth of this statement which we often and some time ago made.

"Every Tory, or "loyalist," in Canada that we have heard converse on the subject, is opposed to Martin Van Buren and in favor of General Harrison for President. We speak from personal observation, and we know that seven-eights of them possess the same principles, or at least hold the same language, with the Whigs of the United States. Why is this? And why did the British vessels in New York harbor raise their colours when the carousal in honor of the battle of Fort Meigs was going on? These facts must be particularly gratifying to our "British Whigs."—*Plattsburgh (N. Y.) Republican.*

And why do we find the *loyal* subjects of Great Britain, in all our towns, wherever we may find them, universally associating with the Whig party? These things speak volumes to the mind of true and thinking Democrat—the warin and sincere friend of his country—his own America.

DEMOCRATS!—Look through the whig press from Maine to Georgia, and can you FIND ANY DENUNCIATION OF OLD FEDERAL MEASURES? Can you find any ONE of the present whig editors disclaiming that they have in their ranks the GREAT BODY OF THE OLD FEDERAL PARTY? Can you find ONE of the whig editors INDIGNANTLY DISOWNING FEDERAL PRINCIPLES? When AUSTIN and DURANCE, and others of the old democrats, were defending MADISON and GERRY from the fierce assaults of RUSSELL and CALLED—*STER*, who stands a LEADER of the whig procession on the 10th of September?—*Defending the actors in the HARTFORD CONVENTION!*—*Denouncing the measures of MADISON'S ADMINISTRATION!*—*Is there any whig press that does not ENDORSE WEBSTER'S PRINCIPLES?*—*Democrats REFLECT and then ACT.*—*Boston Post.*

## Another Democratic Editor Assaulted.

A cowardly attack was made a few days since, on Mr. Medary, editor of the Ohio Statesman, in the streets of Columbus, by a desperado of the name of Schenck. This fellow is a midshipman in the navy, which he disgraces, and though cheered on and assisted by the federal bullies and black-legs of Columbus, he received a severe handling from the gentleman assaulted. Mr. Medary received no injury except that of having one of the fingers of his left hand bitten by this midshipman.

Democratic editors have never been so assaulted and threatened since the days of old John Adams, is in this contest. Then some of them had to write with pistols on the table before them. Now, we have seen Davis killed, his skull literally beat in by more than forty blows from an iron cane, in the streets of St. Louis. The editor of the Chicago Democrat, was not long since attacked in his office. Mr. Medary, whom every one knows as a peaceable man if un molested, but who has unsurpassed resolution if attacked, is waylaid by a ruffian—and threats without number, are thrown out against almost every fearless Democratic editor in the country.

## Look at this Picture of the Federal Candidate.

The following portrait of the certificate he

rn, was published in the Richmond Whig, the leading federal organ in Virginia, a short time previous to Harrison's nomination. It is to the life, and we recommend it to the careful perusal of the whigies. They will learn in what estimation he was held by his own party previous to his nomination for the Presidency:

"Shall we then turn to Gen. Harrison, who not many years ago, thanked his stars that he had cast his lot beyond the Ohio, and got out of the reach of Virginia politics and Virginia negroes!" But, in God's name! what is Gen. Harrison, that he should be President of the United States! A hero!! Another hero!!! Pity that Lord Byron had not thought to put him on the list! A hero!!! Well we are to seek safety again under the arm of a military chieftain. If this is not his recommendation that is it? But for the battle of Tippecanoe and the Thames, (and you know, sir, what merit there was in the one, and to whom the credit of the other belongs,) who would not as soon thought of him for pope as for President? The Queen of England might as well make Lord Wellington archbishop of Canterbury. And why is he thought of? why drag him from obscurity? Why is the thick darkness of his mind broken up, and the heavy shudder of his faculties disturbed by this unreasonable dawn of glory? What but the marvellous success of Andrew Jackson has disclosed a secret not before suspected, which, to all such as want a tyrant and a tool, recommends a military man as most likely to catch the favor of the servile herd who worship power and bow to its insignia?—What is he but a man, who, with a few more grains of understanding, might have half enough to know that he has not one hundred parts of what should qualify him for the station he aspires to!! Who has caught him up, and befooled him with flattery, to make him the root of the comedy? Let him go to sleep again, like Christopher Sly, and sleep himself sober, and not wake up the clerk of the county court."

## THE OLD FEDERAL WRATH.

The old wrath of "bitter sweet" federalism is oozing out at every pore. This is a good sign. It shows that despair is taking the place of hope; and when this malignity boils over, the hoops of the cider barrel will be safer.

ure of the Federal  
candidate.

part of the certificate he  
the Richmond Whig, the  
in Virginia, a short time  
nomination. It is to the  
and to the careful per-  
They will learn in what  
by his own party pre-  
for the Presidency:

to Gen. Harrison, who  
thanked his stars that he  
the Ohio, and out of  
politics and Virginia now  
not's name! what is Gen.  
would be President of the  
hero!! Another hero!!!  
I had not thought to put  
a hero!!! Well we are  
under the arm of a milita-  
is not his recommendation  
the battle of Tipperary  
and you know, sir, what  
the one, and in whom the  
longs,) who would not as  
or hope as for President?  
and might as well make Lord  
of Canterbury. And  
? why drag him from the  
thick darkness of his mind  
heavy slumber of his facul-  
unreasonable dawn of glo-  
marvellous success of An-  
closed secret not before  
all such as want a tyrant  
a military man as most  
favor of the servile herd  
and bow to its insignia?—  
an, who, with a few more  
ing, might have half enough  
of one hundredth part of  
him for the station he as-  
was caught him up, and be-  
to, to make him the root,  
et him go to sleep again,  
and sleep himself sober,  
clerk of the county court."

FEDERAL WRATH.  
"bitter sweet" federalism  
very poor. This is a good  
despair is taking the place  
this malignity boils over,  
barrel will be safer.  
salution was passed a few  
eting of old federalists at  
is certainly a very char-  
very much like the fellow  
cleric cask and "keon skin

Marvin Van Buren, Presi-  
States, for his unwarred  
exertions in preparing the  
he deserves the execrations  
living, and a DISHON-  
when dead."

old federal vipers spit  
publican Presidents, that it  
amusement now that some  
exhibition of bitterness and  
to arouse democrats to re-  
a more lively sense of the  
the contest. — Harrisburg

KEED OUT!

the, the fraudulent member  
Philadelphia county, has de-  
other poll against Ingersoll,  
the repeal of the registry law  
repetition of the atrocious  
was successful before, and  
necessity be defeated? The  
however, is, that the federal-  
ous of their own weakness,  
ventured to run one of their  
the unconnected Morton M-  
ing democrat, but at heart  
as ever breathed. We are  
no real democrat will vote  
sheep's clothing," but that  
and hand for the regular-  
date—CHARLES J. IN-  
Michael will be forever  
every honorable man, for  
himself to the enemy.—  
Magician.

ED TESTIMONY.

party have accepted the  
Richard M. Johnson as un-  
take the following along  
is evidence. In his speech

he said:

acquainted with MARTIN

for twenty-eight years; and

twenty years he had been on

most intimacy—and it gave him

not in the whole of his politi-

never knew one MORE

PRINCIPLE OR OF

ILLS AND VERY FEW

TALENT OF A HIGHER

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

R ADVOCATE OF THE

WAS TO BE FOUND IN

ABLER DEFENDER OF

IAN MARTIN VAN BU-

RE of what he knew and what

and of which he entertained

From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Magician.

The "Empire State" Coming.

A convention of delegates from all the counties in the State of New York, assembled at Syracuse, on the 20th instant, and nominated WILLIAM C. BOUCK, of Schenectady county, as the democratic candidate for Governor, and DANIEL S. DICKINSON, of Broome county, as the democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, at the approaching election. In addition thereto, an Electoral ticket, composed of the most influential and popular men in the State, was put in nomination. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed, and not a dissenting voice was heard after the first ballot. The nominations were confirmed by a unanimous vote.

When the democracy of our sister State enters the conflict under such auspices, with names inscribed upon her banner, so eminent and deservedly beloved, who can for an instant doubt, that she will indignantly break asunder the iron chains which lately have riveted her to the car of the MONEY POWER, and stand forth in her pristine purity, REDEEMED, REGENERATED and DISENTHRALLED!! Our confidence in the realization of such a gratifying result, we are free to say, is of the fullest and most unqualified character. It cannot be, that New York will be less true to her favorite son—in whose name is associated with her own fame and greatness, by ties the most sacred and enduring—he, who has emphatically "grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength"—it cannot be, we say, that she will be less true to her favorite son, than other states, with whom those indissoluble ties have never had existence—PENNSYLVANIA, the proud and noble KEYSTONE OF THE ARCH, is as true to MARTIN VAN BUREN and his administration as the needle is true to the pole. Nothing—nothing which whiggery may devise, can sever her from his support. Will New York suffer the reproach of exhibiting less fidelity to herself, than her sister state by her side? Will she prove recreant, while we remain faithful? Will she be swayed from the path of duty by the exhibition of a COON-SKIN or the scent of a CIDER-CASK, when we remain firm and immovable as our own towering Alleghanies, and would suffer even martyrdom and all its horrid cruelties, in preference to the reproach of an abandonment of a man, to whom we are not wedded by ties of consanguinity, but whom we nevertheless cherish and esteem as "a republican, in whom there is no guile?" No! it cannot, must nor, WILL NOT BE!! Such a stigma shall never deface and pollute the moral escutcheon of a state, excelling each and any of her sisters in physical and local advantages. New York is not yet prepared to prove RECREANT to her own fame, and present herself before the world a living instance of treachery and infidelity. "SHE MUST AND WILL BE REDEEMED," has become the battle cry of her legions of sturdy republicans, and we believe that it will be a triumphant, as it is a glorious, motto.

From the Maine Farmer.  
PICAROONING.

If there is any difference of grade in thieving, the most mean and despicable kind is that of robbing gardens and orchards. And yet it is practised by many who consider themselves respectable and would resent being called a thief as the highest of insults. They are a sort of land pirate—picaroons—harpies who would snatch from others what they are too lazy to grow for themselves.

The fruit or articles purloined may not be particularly needed by the light fingered gentr who purloin them, and yet the loss of them be severely felt by the real owners. A farmer takes pains to raise a tree—to send a distance and obtain a choice variety of fruit, he nurses and watches it day after day and protects it summer and winter, and at length it puts forth blossoms and a few specimen of the fruit begins to grow. He looks forward with pleasure to the consumption of his labors, and the reward of his care and attention: at any rate he thinks he will soon be able to test the accuracy and result of his choice and know for certainty what he has been rearing with so much solicitude.

Now the fruit itself—no matter what it be—whether apples—plums—pears or any thing else, may not be worth in the market, three cents, and yet to the owner of it has a value not to be measured by dollars and cents. Very well, they are nearly ripe, when along come some of these *loving* *nuisances* and forthwith strip the tree.

Remonstrate with them and they will laugh in your face—talk of prosecuting, and they are actually astonished that you should "make such a fuss" for two or three apples. What's two or three apples? And that's all the consolation you get. We had rather a man would take us by the throat and rob us of our watch, pocket book or coat, than creep round our premises like a skunk in a hen coop, picking off this or that little thing—apple, melon, or berry, and then be so confoundedly astounded if you say any thing against it. In the former case there is courage and decision about it which may give it the semblance of no small deed, but in the latter, there is not a single redeeming circumstance—nothing to give it the shadow of a shade of respectability or decency. It is sinking down on a level with

the crawling reptile—nay, below even that, for the reptile may plead lack of reason and hunger for excuse, but the picaroon has neither of these to plead in extension of his nasty, sneaking, contemptible acts.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 22, 1840.

Democratic Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
MARTIN VAN BUREN,  
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
RICHARD M. JOHNSON,  
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTOR.

JONATHAN P. ROGERS, of Bangor,  
JOB PRINCE, of Turner.  
CORNELIUS HOLLAND, of Canton.  
SOLOMON STROUT, of Limington.  
EZEKIEL CHASE, of Atkinson.  
JOHN B. NEALEY, of Monroe.  
EDWARD FULLER, of Readfield.  
JACOB SOMES, of Mt. Desert.  
JOSEPH BERRY, of Georgetown.  
OTIS C. GROSS, of New Gloucester.

THE ELECTION.

The results of the late election, with the exception of the Senate, are as yet uncertain. So far as heard from, Gov. Kent has a majority. The towns and plantations to be heard from, gave a democratic majority in 1838. There are probably scattering votes enough to prevent the election of either by the people. The federalists have elected 14 Senators, and the democrats have elected 10. In the Washington district there is no choice.

They have also elected 4 members of Congress, and the democrats 2, and in 3 districts there is no choice.

The House will have a small democratic majority, if in the elections to take place, the democrats elect their candidates where they have the power to it.

These results are, to many, unexpected as they are unwelcome, but those who understand their causes, do not regard them as indicative of any real diminution in the Democratic strength of Maine. We have had to contend with an enemy perfectly organized, who resorted to the basest artifices without scruple. We have had to contend too with comparatively little organization, with a feeling of confidence which rendered us as a party careless and remiss. Bribery and deception have been resorted to by the enemy without stint. The faults of the present campaign must be corrected in November. A systematic and thorough organization must be had. Information exposing the lies and deceptions of the enemy must be circulated. Maine is emphatically Democratic. Our friends are neither disheartened or intimidated, and will take the field in good spirits and in good earnest in November. We have been out-generalized, but we still have our strength left, and the enemy will resort to every stratagem to prevent its being got out. He anticipates what he will receive, a total rout in November.

RECAPITULATION.

	Fairfield.	Kent.
Oxford,	4598	2819
York,	5124	4527
Cumberland,	6508	6670
Lincoln,	5159	2413
Washington,	1804	2041
Kennebec,	3618	6799
Somerset,	2652	2739
Penobscot,	4340	4185
Waldo,	4736	2549
Franklin,	2064	1807
Piscataquis,	1210	1250

RETURNS—OXFORD COUNTY.

	Fairfield.	Kent.
19 towns in our last,	3062	1900
Sweden	70	76
Stoneham	50	15
Bethel	283	95
Lovell	91	118
Stow	64	11
Brownfield	138	125
Hiram	116	47
Porter	100	1
Fryeburg Academy Grant	18	4
Newry	82	4
Roxbury	28	9
Canton	133	63
Gilead	31	31
Andover	66	56
Fryeburg	176	173

From the Eastern Argus.

THE ELECTION.

Our September election is now over. What the result of it is, is yet in some doubt. But the returns show conclusively that our friends have been deceived as to the efforts and designs of the Federal party, and have not exerted themselves in a manner corresponding with the efforts of the opposition. The Federalists have been constantly singing the song, so far as Governor was concerned, that all was peace, and have striven but too successfully, to get up the impression, that they had no expectation of defeating Fairfield, but were only preparing for November. It is now, however, apparent, that while they have been making secret and most vigorous efforts to

secure a September triumph. They have been lavish in the use of money—they have spread falsehoods broadcast throughout the State—they have made use of bribery to corrupt the *venal* and threats to overawe the timid! They have imported voters, too, from abroad, who had no pretence of right to vote in this State, and illegal ballots have been, therefore, brought to their aid! Men who had voted in Massachusetts, paid taxes there and resided there with their families, were permitted to deposit their ballots here in defiance of all law, reason and justice! We do not doubt that enough of such ballots were thrown in this district, to elect the Federal candidate to Congress. In some towns, too, it is known, and can be proved, that Federal ballots were deposited in the ballot boxes before the balloting commenced: and how far this system of *Naylorism* has been extended through the State, is, of course uncertain.

While such means have been resorted to by the Federalists, in violation of all our rights, the Democracy have been resting secure, and thinking that there was no possible danger of defeat. Hence, the unfortunate losses we have sustained through the State!

If, however, we have lost ground, it is because our opponents have used such weapons against us as do not belong to honorable warfare; and confiding still in the Justice of our cause and the omnipotent power of truth, we must be vigilant and active for another contest. If the enemy have turned our out posts, let us show them that the *citadel* of Democracy yet stands firm and unshaken; that it cannot be taken by storm, or gained by treachery; but that it will be defended, to the last gasp, by spirits as true as ever rallied in an honest cause! Democrats of Maine! Let us buckle on our armor, and enter the November battle with the zeal and fervor of men who feel their dearest rights at stake!

From the Boston Post.

BRITISH WHIG OPINIONS.

PREFERENCE FOR GREAT BRITAIN  
OVER THEIR OWN COUNTRY, IF  
THE PEOPLE ARE TO RULE.

At a Whig Federal meeting at the Log Cabin in Charles street, Boston, on Wednesday evening last, Col Kinsman, of Portland, Maine, who, it was understood, acted as marshal of the Maine delegation, made a speech, in which he distinctly avowed the sentiment that *he would sooner come under the rule of Queen Victoria than have Martin Van Buren re-elected President.*

This he said in connection with the boundary question, intimating that it depended on Mr. Van Buren's settlement of that question whether he (Col. K.) was an American citizen or a British subject, but *he would sooner bow to Queen Victoria than live under this administration!*

Democratic citizens of Maine, and honest Whigs of Maine, who love your Country, what say you to this degrading doctrine, coming from the head man of the Maine delegation sent to Bunker Hill? Our British Whigs here say that this Government is the worst on the face of the earth; we thought this doctrine peculiar to the old Hartford Convention Federalists of this State; but it seems it is the British Whig doctrine of the Maine Federalists. The chief Marshal avows it, and the Boston Whigs receive it with cheers.

Col. Stone, of New York, followed Mr. Kinsman, and went into a bold defence of British Whiggery! He gloried in the name of British Whig, and declared that the American Whigs of this day had derived their doctrines and their credit system from British Whigs. He eulogized Chatham and Burke, British Whigs, who opposed to the last the independence of the colonies.

Col. Stone is an ultra old Federalist. He edited a Federal paper in Connecticut during the war, which opposed Madison even up to the line of treason. He and Kinsman of Maine, and the one hundred and forty-seven living Hartford Convention men, now all Whigs, will do to burn blue lights at the Federal Log Cabin meetings.

Charles Ogle, whose speech is now going the rounds of the Whig papers, is the same man, who was a few years since, publicly posted as a "scoundrel," by his own brother Alexander Ogle, whose name he had forged to a renunciation of masonry. Having resorted to forgery, in the service of Anti-Masonry, it is only an evidence of his natural growth in depravity, that he is now ready to resort to forgery and falsehood both, to serve the Whig party.—*Coos (N. H.) Democrat.*

Paris, Sept. 22, 1840.

A NEW TRICK.—Bicknell's Reporter states that a counterfeiter has been passing through Ohio, who not only circulated fraudulent bills, but produced a counterfeit copy of "Bicknell's Reporter," by way of proving that they were good.

Talk to a British Whig about principle, if you want to scare him.

Mexico, September 15, 1840.

The federal papers talk incessantly of the change that has taken place in their favor in Pennsylvania. Fudge! We know of more changes in favor of Van Buren in a single county, than they can enumerate against him in the entire state. They had as well prepare to swallow 20,000 majority, in time! It will no doubt be a bitter pill, but it must go down. *Harrisburg Magician.*

STRENS.—The Whigs of Ravenna have pulled down their Log Cabin, as have also the Whigs of Huron. Signs that Whigs are coming to their senses.—*Cleveland Advertiser.*

September 21, 1840.

MARRIED.

In this town, by Rev. Mr. Stockman, Mr. Ether Deering and Miss Mary J. Pratt.

In Norway, by Rev. Remond Miller, Mr. Isaac Gorham, of Lancaster, N. H., and Miss Louisa P. Young, of N.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Oxford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident owners and proprietors of lands in the town of Oxford in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the following described lots and parcels are taxed in bills committed to me to collect for the year 1839, in the following sum, and which remain unpaid, viz.—

ISAAC HARLOW, Clerk.

September 21, 1840.

NOTICE!

The Members of the "PARIS LEGISLATIVE LYCEUM" are reminded that their adjourned session commences on Wednesday, the Thirtieth inst., at 6 o'clock P. M. It is hoped that ALL the members will appear in their seats, that the important business of the session may be prosecuted without delay.

ISAAC HARLOW, Clerk.

## \$200 REWARD! Stop Thief!!!

ON Wednesday, the 9th inst., there was stolen from the subscriber, while in Waterford, Maine, a Calf-skin Pocket Book, containing Two Hundred and Thirty Six Dollars in bills, mostly on the Banks in Portland; a certificate dated about the 12th of January, 1840, of \$500, deposited by the subscriber in the Northern Bank, Hallowell, signed by Wm. M. Vaughan, Cashier; several Notes of hand, amounting in all, to about \$2000, payable to David Hale or bearer; several Notes payable to other persons and endorsed to David Hale or bearer; two Notes signed by Charles Kent, payable to Oliver Hale, Jr., or order, and by said Hale endorsed; one Note signed by Cyrus Mills, and payable to John Mills and another Mills, whose name I do not recollect, and endorsed by them; together with several papers of no value to any one except the owner.

All persons are hereby cautioned against buying said notes, or paying said notes to any person except the subscriber, or buying or paying said Bank Certificate to any person except to the subscriber. Said Pocket Book and money were stolen about 12 o'clock, M., as the subscriber has good reason to believe, by one John Hale, of said Waterford; said Hale being formerly a convict in the New York and Philadelphia State Prisons. Said Hale is about five feet nine or ten inches high, small blue eyes, light complexion, sharp nose, bald on the top of his head, and about 50 years of age. The above reward of \$200 will be given to any person or persons who will detect the thief and bring him to justice, and for the recovery of the Pocket Book and money, or a reward of \$100 will be given for the recovery of the Pocket book, money and notes alone, or a suitable reward will be given for the Pocket Book and papers.

DAVID HALE.

Turner, September 12, 1840.

TREASURER'S OFFICE,

PARIS, Sept. 15, 1840.

COUNTY OF OXFORD:

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors and their trustees in the following townships and tracts of unincorporated lands, situated in said county, not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation, that the following sums have been assessed thereon by the County Commissioners for said county, in the apportionment of the county tax for the year 1840, and remain unpaid, viz:

Andover North Surplus, Tax \$113  
" West " 1.65  
Township No. 2, 3.15  
" C. 1.24  
" C. Surplus, 82  
" Letter B, 4.51  
" No. 5, 1st Range, 2.99  
" 5, 2d " 1.46  
" 1, Letter A, 3.98  
" 4, 1st Range, 1.41  
" 4, 2d " 1.56  
" 4, 3d " 1.52  
" 4, 4th " 1.63  
" 5, 4th " 1.66  
" 5, 5th do one half of 1.05  
" 5, 5th do one fourth f 54

And unless said taxes are paid to the subscriber or his successor in said office, within six months from the sixth day of October next, warrants will be issued to the Sheriff of said county of Oxford, requiring him to collect the same according to law.

ALANSON MELLEN, Treasurer of the County of Oxford.

Executor's Notice.

PURSUANT to a license from Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford; I, shall sell at public auction on Tuesday the 28th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the dwelling house of Elzear Bryant, late of Paris, deceased, all of the personal property belonging to the estate of said Bryant, consisting of house-hold furniture, beds and bedding, linen, crockery and iron ware, lot of corn and grain, salt pork, lot of ploughs, wagon, wood, lot pine boards and various other articles too numerous to particularize. Conditions made known at sale.

JAMES DEERING, Executor.

S. Paris, Sept. 14, 1840.

3w5

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

TO be sold, agreeable to license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, at public auction on Wednesday the twenty-fifth day of October next, at one o'clock, in the afternoon, so much of the real estate of William Russell, Jr., late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, as will produce the sum of forty five dollars. The estate offered for sale is a part of the homestead farm of the said Russell, situated in said Fryeburg.

JACOB H. GREENE.

Waterford, Sept. 10, 1840.

3w5

DR. SEARS'

UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,

Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THE pretence that any medicine is nearly an "infallible cure" for all the diseases "that flesh is heir to," whatever their character, is a flagrant imposition upon the public confidence, and a most wicked outrage upon the generous sympathy that suffering humanity justly demands of us. Yet the very frequency and boldness of these impious frauds so eminently cruel to the unfortunate, furnish solid ground for presenting a public remedy that may be intelligently appreciated and relied upon. That powerful medicine, the Blood-Root Pill, which is the basis of the Universal Sanguinarian Pills, and all the materials are drawn from the Vegetable Kingdom—the great source of support to animal existence. But in the combination, the different ingredients are so blended and modified as to give a compound a remarkable advantage over the simple and uncompound, and are nearly all other medicines. When it is considered that nearly all diseases, chronic and acute, are connected with a disordered action of the stomach and bowels, and that in most instances this is superinduced by disorder of the Bile, or Gal, which is the great pleate of the system—and when it is further considered that these Pills act with singular power upon these many organs, and through them upon the blood and entire physical system, the reason must justify the assertion, that this valuable discovery furnishes a remedy of rare efficiency in all curable cases of disease, and a deduction of reason is abundantly corroborated by experience. This medicine harmonizes with the laws of life, inspiring and strengthening nature, and works in wounds, by generally clearing them, and in triumphal conflict with the obtrusive agents of disease. It is offered for general use, and as a safe and most valuable family medicine. Safe, not because it does nothing—but many contemptible nostrums of newspaper celebrity, which by occupying the place of efficient remedies are often fatal—do much more violence, and thereby attempting to perform her work by dangerous routes.

The Proprietor feels the fullest confidence in the superior virtues of the UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN PILLS.—Still they are presented to the public on their merits alone; and his only wish is to have their claim subjected to the severe but satisfactory test of intelligent experience. For sale by R. S. BLASDEL, East Thomaston, Me.

AGENTS for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS in Oxford County:

HIRAM HUBBARD, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South Paris; C. Howe, Sumner, A. Cole & Co., Buckfield; P. Clark, Turner; G. H. C. Conant; J. & W. Stephens, Greenwood; W. E. Goodnow, Norway; O. C. Bolster & Co., Rumford; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; Graham & Knapp, Rumford; Wm. Walker, Paris; J. M. Denson, Canton; J. Coolidge, Livermore; A. Hobbs, Livermore; L. Waterman, Livermore.

Wm. S. Craig, Augusta; L. Stacy, Fayette.

3w3

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

NOTICE.—Come into the enclosure of the subscriber, on Saturday, the 27th of June, five SHEEP and one LAMB, marked with a slanting crop on the under side of the right ear, and square crop on the left. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

EBEN. THAYER.

Paris, July 4, 1840.

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